TEDDYBOY

By
A. M. DAVIES OGDEN

Miss Wainwright, a troubled look in her wide gray eyes, came slowly down the lawn, and, stepping into the rowboat, pushed off. She wanted to be alone—to think.

This afternoon as she had swung lazily in her hammock across the water had came a bark from some dog—a bark strangely resembling that of the lost Teddyboy, and Miss Wainwright had been conscious of a vague disquietude.

It was two months now since the sad day when Teddyboy had disappeared—Teddyboy, with his silky coat, tiny paws and adoring brown eyes. The shrill little bark had evoked that dear memory, and mingled with the thoughts of Teddyboy had stolen in persistent thoughts of his donor, Teddy Mathewson. She had not seen him since their quarrel six months ago—a quarrel originating over the question as to whether Teddyboy's blessed ears should be droopy and soft or snappy and short. But a very pretty difference can arise from a very small cause. It was fortunate that they had discovered their lack of congeniality in time, mused the girl.

As Miss Wainwright neared the yachts that rested in the harbor like great white birds again the bark rang out, and the girl started. Could it be possible? Pulling in closer, she glanced around, while the bark changed to a crescendo of joy. There at the head of the companionway on the first yacht stood Teddyboy himself, his small body alive with wriggles of excitement, afraid to descend, beseeching that she come to him. Her own Teddyboy! Without stopping to think, Miss Wainwright hastily flung the painter around a stanchion, then sped up the steps. In a second the little dog was upon her, and the girl, between laughter and tears, had caught him close.

With Teddyboy in her arms, Miss Wainwright hesitated. Should she simply take the dog and go? To be sure it was her dog, but still that hardly seemed a square thing to do. And then suddenly she went white. Down the deck toward her walked Teddy Mathewson. The man was the first to speak.

"May I ask to what am I indebted for the honor of this visit?" he asked conventionally.

Miss Wainwright, all confusion, clutched Teddyboy closer.

"I—I did not know that you were here. I thought you still in Europe," she stammered. "I—I came for Teddyboy"

THERE ON THE FIRST YACHT STOOD TEDDYBOY.

—gathering courage as she proceeded. "I saw him on the deck. He was stolen from me some weeks ago."

The man's face cleared a trifle. She had not sold the dog, then. He had been imagining that any reminder of the giver had become distasteful to her.

"I bought him back from a man in the street," he said. "Of course I recognized Teddyboy. But I fancied that you had disposed of him. I have grown fond of the little fellow."

Teddyboy in Miss Wainwright's arms was making frantic efforts to reach his master. "And you see he cares for me, too," he added, with a smile. Miss Wainwright turned away.

"Give me my dog and let me go!" she cried sharply.

"Pardon me, my dog," declared Mathewson calmly. "Shall he choose?" But the girl, reaching the companionway, uttered a little cry. No boat was to be seen. Mathewson stepped to the rail.

"The current there is very strong," he commented. "Probably the knot that you tied was insufficient."

Miss Wainwright's eyes blazed.

"Kindly have me sent ashore at once," she cried.

The man shook his head.

"I am very sorry," he remarked cheerfully, "but the boat is already ashore. It went in some time ago to bring out people for tea. Mrs. Marshall wished to see the yacht. There they come now."

Miss Wainwright's annoyance deepened.

"Mrs. Marshall?" she exclaimed. "For tea?"

Was there ever such a hateful predicament? The worst gossip in Easterly on her way to the yacht, and she, Sibyl Wainwright, unchaperoned and helpless, on board. Mathewson suppressed a smile.

"Would you care to hide?" he suggested civilly.

"Hide!" repeated Miss Wainwright, with contemptuous scorn. It was quite in her conception of him that he should make such a proposition. Mathewson, intently studying the bit of ear vouchsafed him and noting the dejected poise of the slender figure, felt his mouth tighten. A curious light leaped to his eyes.

"I'll do it," he murmured. "It is a big chance, but"— The next moment he was welcoming his guests. As Mrs. Marshall extended a plump hand he bowed low.

"I want you to meet Miss Wainwright," he said distinctly. "In fact, the little tea today is given for her. Our engagement is not yet announced, but I wished you to be among the first to learn of it."

Miss Wainwright, the color flooding to her temples, bent to put Teddyboy on the deck. When she lifted her head to receive Mrs. Marshall's felicitations and warm handclasp her smile was quite natural.

"I am indeed greatly to be congratulated," she said composedly. "See what a dear little dog I have just gained."

Mathewson bit his lip. He had not known exactly what he had expected, but it was certainly not this. The girl with calm self control took up her role of hostess, insisting that the older woman should make the tea, quietly ordering a fresh supply of anything lacking. Mathewson watched her, a dull ache at his heart. How sweet, how womanly, she was! His audacious announcement to Mrs. Marshall had been the fruit of an impulse, actuated by such varied and complex motives that he himself could not entirely disentangle his reasons for it.

He had never dreamed of finding her at Easterly, much less on his own boat. But, seeing her now, gracious, tactful, dispensing his hospitality to his guests, the empty mockery of it all, the bitterness of this travesty upon his longings, brought a tightening to his throat. Why had he not been able to keep her in those old days? When Mrs. Marshall rose he contrived that Miss Wainwright should be the last to leave. As she moved toward the gangway Mathewson interposed.

"You must forgive me," he began unsteadily. "I—I meant well. But I was probably wrong! I usually am. The yacht is only here for the day. I was leaving tomorrow in any case. You can then deny the engagement—break it—what you will. You know well how I feel."

Miss Wainwright lifted clear eyes.

"And Teddyboy?" she questioned.

"Oh, Teddyboy is yours—take him," responded the man wearily. "You were right. His ears would look better short. Had he not been too old I should have had it done when I bought him back." The girl started forward.

"No, no," she cried impulsively. "The long, floppy ones are much nicer. I—I should have hated you if you had cut them. And I—I—we both love him—and—and if it had not been for his bark this afternoon I—we— Oh, Teddy!" as Mathewson sprang to her side.

"Are you people never coming?" called a voice from the boat. "If you are engaged, please remember that the rest of us are mere prosaic mortals and must get home to dinner."

Mathewson, his face aglow with suppressed excitement, leaned over the rail.

"Just a second till I get my cap," he answered jubilantly. "I am coming ashore with you after all. That's it. Steady now, Sibyl—these steps are steep—and for heaven's sake don't drop Teddyboy!"

Duly Impressed.

This theory of governing children by appealing to their reason isn't all it's made out to be," said a public school teacher recently. "I teach in a primary class, and it's my conviction that a youngster actually needs a good spanking once in awhile for his health. It does cheer up a child as nothing else will. Here is an instance:

"One of my boys had skipped his classes, deceived his mother, been found out and caused much unhappiness all around. I took him aside, and we had a heart to heart talk. Johnny sat still, looking at me intently and seeming to be deeply impressed. I thought I was making great headway and that my little sermon was surely penetrating Johnny's brain. I never saw a child who seemed so absorbed, even fascinated, by my line of argument.

"But you never can tell. Just as I had reached the climax in my appeal to his better self a light of discovery broke over Johnny.

"'Say, teacher,' he said eagerly, 'it's your lower jaw that moves, ain't it?'"

In Similar Vein.

A man who suddenly became rich and somewhat prominent in the world adopted manners which he considered appropriate to his new station in life, but which irritated his friends by a suggestion of condescension.

One of the new fashions particularly distasteful to the man's correspondents was his habit of sending letters which read:

Mr. —— instructs me to say that he has received your letter of March 10 and would say in reply, etc.
JOHN SCRIBE, Secretary.

Having written in this manner to a friend, he was more surprised than amused to receive the following answer:

Mr. H. has directed his valet to instruct his secretary to tell his typist to say that he is in receipt of your secretary's letter of some days since and would say in reply, etc.
SARAH L. HODGKISS, Typist.

London Standard.

The Wit of Dumas.

Whenever it came to a question of repartee Alexandre Dumas was well able to hold his own. At the Theatre Francais one evening, says Arthur F. Davidson in his life of the famous Frenchman, during the performance of a play written by the poet and dramatist, Alexander Soumet, a spectator was observed to be slumbering.

"Look!" said Dumas to the author, who was sitting near him. "You see the effect produced by your tragedy!"

Next evening at the same theater it happened that the play was one of Dumas' own, and it happened also that a gentleman in the stalls was overpowered by sleep. Soumet, being present, noticed this with infinite satisfaction, and, tapping Dumas on the shoulder, he pointed to the offender and said:

"Please notice, my dear Dumas, that your plays can send people to sleep as well as mine."

"Not at all," was the ready answer. "That's our friend of yesterday. He has not wakened up yet!"

Two Americanisms.

The London Athenaeum recently printed a letter of the poet Gray, written in 1761. It has to do with the shipping of some goods to Cambridge and contains two flagrant "Americanisms," so called. The goods, he says, may remain packed till he comes, "which will be in about three weeks, I guess," and then he adds, "Mr. Gillam, I reckon, will stay for his money till I arrive."

Gray was one of the most learned men of his time and a person of the most fastidious taste, yet he "guessed" and "reckoned" like any countrified Yankee. In other words, these two "Americanisms" are simply English forms of speech which have gone out of vogue in the mother country and which for that reason have a novel American sound to the modern English tourist.

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